# THE PACIFIC

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### PRUNE THOU THY WORDS!

Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;—
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.z

—John Henry Newman.

# THE PACIFIC

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## A VISION.

During the recent great flood at Dayton, Ohio, there was given a glimpse of brotherhood such as not a few people believe will some day gladden the whole world. A similar glimpse was afforded in San Francisco at the time of the great disaster in April 1906.

At Dayton, on the grounds of the National Cash Register Company, the flood-stricken citizens who could get there and all worn-out, water-soaked, mud-bespattered helpers and rescuers, were cared for in such a manner as to suggest to one newspaper correspondent what he terms a sanitary socialistic utopia pictured by one of the most ardent of modern socialists. There in that great manufacturing center every need was anticipated and met—all without charge or tip. And they who ministered thus with heavenly graciousness were men and women from various walks of life. In that hour of suffering and special need naught that any one had, either of time or strength or money, did he call his own; but all was thought of as something in common store to be given out as need was. Similarly, here in San Francisco in April 1906! During those hours of quaking and burning, when things material were vanishing, men shared with fellowmen in marvellous ways.

Walt Whitman, that modern seer, whose life and writings were pervaded by the spirit of pure democracy, foresaw a day when love would enfold all, and breathed this aspiration:

"Give me, O God, to sing that thought!
Give me, give him or her I love, this quenchless faith
In thy ensemble. Whatever else withheld, withhold not from us,
Belief of thee enclosed in time and space:
Health, peace, salvation universal."

"Is it a dream?" asks Whitman, and his answer is—
"Nay, but the lack of it the dream;
And failing it, life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream."

## FIGHTING AGAINST GOD.

Men have done it in every age of the world—have fought against God. Yet God has had his will and way. In their short-sightedness they have blocked the way or have sought to block it. Long ago the Psalmist said: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee" Joseph's brethren sold him into slavery, but great good came to Israel therefrom. Just now short-sighted legislators at Sacramento seem determined to enact measures which do violence to relations existing between our nation and that of Japan. But in the end right will prevail, truth will triumph. It is a principle of the universe. Deep down in the consciousness or subconsciousness of humanity there is a sense of oneness.

In his poem entitled, "The song of the Redwood Tree," Walt Whitman, the great poet of democracy, wrote of the wonderful future material civilization of which he had a vision for our Pacific shores, and then concluded:

"But more in you than these, Lands of the Western shore!
These but the means, the implements, the standing-ground.
I see in you, certain to come, the promise of thousands of years till now deferred,
Promised, to be fulfilled, our common kind, the race.

The new society at last, proportionate to nature;
In man of you more than mountain peaks or stalwart trees imperial;
In woman far more than all your gold or vines or even vital air.

Fresh come to a new world indeed, yet long prepared,
I see the genius of the modern, child of the real and ideal,
Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand.
To build a grander future."

But to get Whitman's vision we must not stop here. This man to whom was given an insight into the future not vouchsafed to many has a "Song of the Universal."

In that these are his words to our land and nation:
"And thou America!
For the scheme's culmination—its thought and its reality.
For these, not for thyself, thou hast arrived.

"Thou, too, surroundest all;
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all; thou too by pathways broad and new
To the Ideal tendest."

We do not suggest to our legislators to read their Bibles in which there breathes the spirit of brotherhood. They might think of the Bible as something too much apart from this practical plane of earthly life. So, we suggest that they read Whitman. If they once get his vision many of the "progressives" will see that what they regard as their progressiveness scarcely deserves the term.

In one of his poems Whitman names the Chinaman, the Japanese, the Jew—the people of every nationality and tongue under the sun and, says: "I dare not refuse you; the scope of the world and of time and space are upon me." And then:

"Each of us is inevitable;
Each of us is allowed the eternal purports of the earth.
Each of us is as divinely here as any is here."

Again he says: "I am for those who walk abreast of the whole earth! Who inaugurate one to inaugurate all." And again! "I ask nothing for myself of which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

In "The Mystic Trumpeter," after the unseen musician has blown the bugles of the past—of love and war, of despair and failure, has made his hearer to feel the measureless shame and humiliation of his race the poet asks for a

higher strain and for some vision of the future, and this is what sounds forth:

"O glad exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than Earth's is in thy notes.
Marches of victory, man disenthral'd—the conqueror at last.
Hymns to the Universal God from universal man—all joy.
A reborn race appears—a perfect world of joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence and health—all joy.
War, sorrow, suffering gone, the rank earth purged,—nothing but joy left.
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy, joy, in freedom, worship love; joy in the ecstacy of life!"

Long ago the Seer of Patmos told us of his vision: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, behold the tabernacle of God is with men and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them and be their God."

"God is love" said the apostle. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," said Christ.

We are back to Christ again! It is because every real seer leads there—every poet who has ever had a living message for the world. One who was himself a poet has said:

"For I believed the poets. It is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep;
And listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the ages out of eternity."

If men and women throughout our land could be brought into living touch with the teachings of such poets as Whitman, or even our Joaquin Miller—each of whom had a world consciousness, saw the larger self, and its sure enthronement at last, the whole world would be transformed speedily. Then sometime would arise that great city of humanity which John saw on Patmos and concerning which his word was, "they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.

In an age when we look around us and see yet after thousands of years the measureless shame and humiliation of mankind—the overthrown, the hurt, the oppressed, the enslaved in our own land and in other lands, thankful are we for the vision which sees humanity as one, and so for all a radiant future.

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## ONE MAN'S DAY.

**William Norris Burr.**

When Lynch awoke that morning he propped himself on his elbow for a moment and looked out the window. A "high fog" was the dominant feature of the outdoor world, as the picture impressed him. The day before had been a clear, hot day, one of the first heated days of the season. Evidently a change had occurred while he slept.

A line of hills not far away formed the background of the picture framed by his window. The fog above them was breaking into long, irregular patches, and thin, ragged films of vapor were hanging down a little below the tops of some of the higher hills. The vegetation had taken on a more vivid green under the silent sweep of the fog hosts through the night, the hard, well-paved "Country Boulevard" running through the valley was one long strip of watershine, and the recently turned land had caught from the dampness a darker shade, intensifying its color in contrast with the adjacent uncultivated acres.

"A jolly good day for the open," commented Lynch; "and blessed is the man who is free to get out and revel in it. I'm not so free as I wish I were, but here's for all I can get of it as I buy and sell and get gain amid the restrictions of the daily task."

As the clock ticked off the morning hours the contest between clouds and sunshine became more intense, the issue more doubtful.

"It beats anything the sporting world has to offer," beamed Lynch. "Why should men go wild over marathons, road races, and Olympic boxings, with such a struggle as that up there going on? I thought awhile ago old Sunshine had the bulge on the Cloud forces, but it looks the other way just now. The Cloud ranks are closing up again, and getting into the fight with blacker and more determined faces than ever. They are in for victory or death now, sure.

"But, bless me, look at that! Just where I thought the Cloud army had concentrated most of its strength, Sunshine has found a weak place and is breaking through. Oh, this is great. But, look out, Sunshine. There you go, crowded back again."

But Lynch was not just then out of doors, with the full sweep of the struggle before his eyes. On the other side of the house he would have seen the army of the Sun slowly advancing in great strength. It came to the zenith and then rapidly swept down upon the opposing cloud forces, "and routed them, and scouted them," and held the field in a blaze of glory.

The outdoor air had taken on something of the temper of its northern kind. "It is bracing, tonic, full-blooded," thought Lynch, as he plunged out into it, then stopped a moment for a deep, strong breath of it. And just then the Cloud army came sweeping in again from all sides and rapidly took possession of the blue-sky field, covering it, save in patches here and there. And so the struggle went on all through the day.

A light wind swayed the high, lean tops of the eucalyptus trees. A cheep here and a twitter there betrayed the presence of bird life somewhere near though out of sight. Hillside and roadside and grain-field were clothed in April green. And out in open, uncultivated spaces wild flowers splotched the earth with red and yellow and blue.

Lynch was **en rapport** with it all, though he went driving about the country on business that seemed to include nothing but commercial interests. He had little technical knowledge of bird and plant and tree and cloud. He had a vague impression of the words "cirrus," "cumulus," "nimbus," but he could not have used them intelligently. He knew but few of the common names of the birds and plants, and as for "setting them in families" he had no art at all. Nor did he care much for so mechanical an understanding of the outdoor things. He responded to them—to their beauty, their suggestiveness, their life—not to cut-and-dried knowledge about them. Their messages of innocence strength and determination and cheer soaked into his soul, and became forces in his life, helping him to be brotherly to men, courteous to women, tender and big-brotherly toward little children.

Sometimes a fancy struck him which a Browning might have turned into a blank-verse sermon. A group of tall, slatternly eucalyptus trees with tops swaying in the wind, suggested a group of frowsy, sloppy gossips nodding their

heads over some choice bit of petty scandal. Lynch did not give to that fancy a very cordial welcome. He was sorry that the lankness of the tree, its torn strips of bark, and its general tattered, unkept appearance, had linked it in his mind with the slattern. He tried to think of the worth in it that he knew was to be found beneath the appearance; and so he picked up a principle to be applied in his judgment of his fellows.

Early in the afternoon big masses of white and gray cumulus clouds hung high above the earth, the sky beyond revealed in great blue openings. Sometimes there was a flood of sunshine, and sometimes none at all.

"There's wool that is out of the range of all Schedule K's, all high tariff, low tariff, no tariff botheration," thought Lynch, with his eye on the fleecy cloud masses. And he wondered if all the complex problems that invest the world's present industrial and political life are problems that must be, or is there a simpler way of management that might be worked to the advantage of the human race if only the race were dominated by the spirit of simplicity. "Are simplicity and development incompatible?" Lynch asked himself. And then there floated into his mind a line by Charles Wagner: "The secret of moral ascendency rests with those who rule with simplicity." But a business call broke in upon him, and he had no more time that day for thinking on these things.

But the spirit of the out-of-doors had caught him,—refreshed, invigorated, uplifted him. Is there not somewhere, perhaps in some old book, perhaps in the most wonderful of all Books, a statement like this, that "God hath given us richly all things to enjoy?" Then why not enjoy them, as Lynch did, and at the same time push along under the stern demands of the day's business? There are little glimpses of sky or cloud, tree or flower, bird or butterfly in almost any man's daily life.

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## RELIGIOUS TEACHING BY MEANS OF LITERATURE.

**Elizabeth A. Packard.**

[A paper read at the recent meeting in Los Angeles of the Religious Education Association.]

The majority of the teachers that I have known are earnestly striving to build up the characters of our citizens-to-be, and they indignantly resent the charge that their schools are Godless, even if necessarily unsectarian.

A mountain summit is quickest reached by the steep path that goes straight up over stones and across streams; often it can be climbed also by a broader winding road that is less direct, but gets there just the same, and on the way gives many a varied outlook which adds to pleasure and eases weariness.

If the direct and narrow path to religious teaching is blocked, the indirect winding road avoids the obstacle. None of the indirect methods offers more opportunity than English Literature, skillfully chosen.

In the first place the interwoven phraseology and imagery of the Bible forms the very warp and woof of the style of such writers as Burke, Webster, Lincoln, Carlyle, Ruskin, Macaulay and Tennyson, and this can be made an interesting study.

Therefrom a new respect grows for the Bible as noble literature, when relieved from eye-pestering print, choppy paragraphing and impertinent numerals. The student may be led to perceive that King David was a finer nature poet than Wordsworth, the "Epistle to the Hebrews" fully a match for Burke's magnificent "Conciliation" speech, and that "Lorna Doone" is a less perfect love story than the idyl of "Ruth."

Then the proper names of the Bible stories assume new significance in their unfamiliar setting. Even a mere casual acquaintance at home is met with some welcoming interest when discovered in a foreign land. Indeed, has not the average orthodox conception of Heaven and Hades been formulated chiefly by Roman Catholic Dante (who got got some of it from Virgil) and his Puritan godson, John Milton? Pardon a personal experience, but two or three years ago the writer of the paper was asked to speak on "The Child in Literature," and naturally began with Joseph of Genesis. It has been amazing to find the number of Sunday-school graduates and Christian Endeavor leaders, who have said that they never before realized that Samuel, timid little Jeremiah, and the others had once really been alive outside of the two close covers of the Old Testament. People so seldom read the Bible aloud in a human tone of voice!

Of course the main opportunity for religious training through literature lies in the spiritual content of the selections. Red-blooded boyhood is on careful guard against absorbing moral lectures. Nowhere except in Sunday-school books and Christian Endeavor Societies will the healthy adolescent talk readily before his mates concerning his religious thoughts—**if he realizes what he is doing.** He is deadly afraid of being laughed at or styled a "goody." But he is off guard in the literature class, and by this indirect approach can be beguiled into intimate ethical discussion. We all know that the high school age is the period of ethical introspection, with its resulting shy self-conscious reticence.

We shall refer to no authors except those now studied or recently studied, in the upper grammar and high school grades of our California public schools.

One of the earliest is Longfellow. In "Evangeline," the children become acquainted with those saintly parish priests, who inculcated unshaken faith in God, patience under sore trial, forgiveness of enemies.

Whittier's life was one long prayer,—"That I might lose myself in finding thee." "Snowbound" is a beautiful picture of deeply religious family life. It finds its quaint and more appealing counterpart in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns.

Dickens' "Christmas Carol" teaches pure religion and undefiled, and has thawed many frozen hearts to do justly and love mercy.

All young folk delight in "The Vision of Sir Launfal," with its glimpse of the glamor of knighthood. It stamps indelibly the knowledge that—

> "Not what we give, but what we share,
> For the gift without the giver is bare;
> Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," with its gorgeous imagery and equally marvelous music, implants not merely the obvious moral—

> "He prayeth best who loveth best,
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

The pageantry reveals more subtle warnings against selfish indifference to our brother's claims and the horror of meeting death with hatred in one's heart.

Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village," draws the ex-

quisite figure of the village pastor whose life inspired such reverence that when he preached—

"Fools who came to scoff remained to pray."

His companion piece had been furnished four hundred years before when dear old Dan Chaucer chatted of the poor parson of the town (probably one of Wyclif's parish priests)—

"But riche he was of holy thought and work,
Christ's lore, and his apostles twelve
He taught, and first he followed it him-selve."

Can any of our D. D.'s better that?

Shakespeare is not usually classed as a religious poet, yet all our boys and girls learn, by heart, we hope, to

"Consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

Where in the universe is there a more awful proof that "The wages of sin is death," than in "Macbeth," unless it be in that other tragedy, George Eliot's "Romola"? "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner" also drive home the truth—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Omitting, for lack of allotted time, all other novelists, and the classic orators and essayists, we will touch hastily on some of the other poets studied in the later years of the secondary schools:

"Paradise Lost" is rarely studied now—our grandparents parsed it out of use; but the classes still have "Comus" and "Lycidas," the latter with its ringing paean of the resurrection:

"For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed;
* * * * * *
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves."

"Comus" is unequalled as an ethical medium for teaching absolute purity of life. Unless Virtue is to triumph finally over all foes and all temptations—

"The pillar'd firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble."
"He that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."

It is an appalling vision of how

"The soul [that by low thoughts even if not evil deeds]
Grows clotted by contagion. * * *
* * * till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being;"

and so, having no further kinship with heaven, after death lingers about charnel-vaults for congenial society.

Wordsworth summons to his constant aid

"Duty, stern daughter of the Voice of God."

He proves himself to be the great psalmist of modern literature as he sings of the Creator—

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

He sings, too, of

"that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

The glorious "Ode on Immortality," that Santsbury ranks with the "Tintern Abbey", from which we have just quoted, as in the summits of the poetry of all languages, ends with the lingering cadence—

"To me the meanest flower that blows doth give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Nevertheless, by the time the poem has been studied up to these verses, the tears are visible in the eyes of lusty football captains.

Tennyson insists:

"Because right is right to follow right,
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

In "The Idyls of the King," he records for lasting remembrance the pledge of ideal knighthood to reverence conscience as the King as it goes forth redressing human wrongs. Hear King Arthur's dying message—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of—
* * * * *
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Surely, England's laureate saw his Pilot face to face when he had crossed the bar.

And lastly, Robert Browning, the Christian optimist philosopher—

"All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God whose wheel the
pitcher shaped."

"Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.
* * * * *
So take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
* * * * *
My times be in Thy hand!"

"All service ranks the same with God."

"The year's at the spring;
* * * * *
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

Thus briefly we have indicated a few examples of the religious training that our teachers may accomplish, and that many of them are accomplishing, as they guide the young students along the indirect, winding, upward road of English Literature.

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## MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

### California's Marvelous Products.

The placer miners used to say that, when they had done with California nothing would be left of her. And well they might have thought so, for with the soil washed from her hills, the surface piled in ridges, and heaps of boulders piled about everywhere, nothing could look more unpromising, agriculturally, than this great golden state—rich in gold, and when that should be gone, a barren desert. What wonder, then, prevailed everywhere, when stories of remarkable fertility were told abroad. Seventy bushels of wheat and one hundred bushels of barley to the acre! The farmers of the worn-out Genessee wheat lands read and doubted, and then said it was all California boasting. But when the records of state fairs reported watermelons weighing seventy-five pounds, squashes, one hundred and fifty, and beets four feet long and weighing (one did this) one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, the world said,

"California's best riches are not in her gold mines," and they were quite right. California became the fruit and garden spot of the world. One thing, however, should be noted: those marvelous beets were not of one year's growth; we see no such beets in these days, for they are gathered and marketed while they are very young and tender. No one ever sees now a full-grown beet or carrot. The earlier in the market, the better the price. When riding in the stage coach, in those early days, I sometimes passed fields of beets, of which the roots, not the leaves, stood two or three feet above the ground. They were last year's beets which failed of a market, and were suffered to take on a second's year's growth.

Nor do we often hear now of such amazing harvests of grain. Our wheat lands, like those of New York, have been sown to wheat year after year, without refertilizing, till twenty bushels is a good harvest from lands that once yielded seventy. Some new lands yield wild oats (a diminutive species) five or six feet high, but few people ever see such growths. Our farmers are learning, painfully, the lesson that no land is so fertile as not to need feeding.

Nor in vegetable growths only do we challenge the world. No other land grows bears that equal our grizzlies; and no other sea lions (male hair seals) are so large as ours: six feet in diameter; and, resting on their flippers, six feet high. And there was that world-famous cheese. I visited the ranch of the Steele Brothers where it was made. They paid one hundred and fifty dollars for the hoop in which it was made. A paper printed in 1863 tells of a cheese made in Canada and sent to London weighing 1042 pounds and calls it "the largest in the world." It should have added "except California." For this cheese weighed 1779 pounds. The bill of sale by Gushee and Elder to R. B. Woodward, the famous landlord of the "What Cheer House" on Sacramento street, was for $444.75, at twenty-five cents a pound, making its weight 1779 pounds. Thousands of miners, with whom the "What Cheer House" was a favorite resort, ate of this cheese, and I presume that some readers of this paper know that its quality was excellent. The Steele Brothers kept seven hundred cows (perhaps the largest dairy in the world), and their product brought top prices. Our modern creameries, with all their refinements, produce no better butter and cheese than did this dairy with its rude, old-fashioned tools, and even in those early days some of their work was greatly enjoyed in Old England.

Agriculturally, the curse of this once rarely fertile state, has been its division into immense ranches, containing hundreds of square miles, as large as many Eastern counties, but this curse is working its own cure, for great land owners have, most of them, grown poor, and their vast estates have been divided up into farms of reasonable size. When this process shall have been completed, and the Agricultural Department of our University shall have taught our farmers how to properly cultivate and nurse their soils, we shall hear again, and no longer with wonder, of seventy and one hundred bushels of grain to the acre, but never again of beets weighing one hundred and twenty-seven pounds or of cheeses weighing 1770 pounds each.

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Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued.
Religion does not censure or exclude

## A HUNDRED YEARS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

**H. V. Rominger.**

III.

When Beecher came to Brooklyn in 1847 he threw himself at once into the anti-slavery agitation with all the ardor of his passionate nature. In the midst of this excitement the New York Independent was born. It was a child of the battlefield and its editors were sons of Mars. Beecher was one of the contributors to this paper and he soon made its voice heard throughout the land. When Calhoun was lying on his death-bed, one of Beecher's contributions to the infant Independent was read to the dying statesman. The writer and the paper were alike unknown. "Read that again," said the dying Calhoun to his secretary. It was read a second time. "Who writes that?" he asked. The name of the unknown writer was given to him. "That fellow understands his subject," was Calhoun's final comment. "He will be heard from again. He has gone to the bottom."

And he was heard from. The historian of American Journalism counts Henry Ward Beecher as one of the two great editors of the United States, one of the two journalists par excellence of America. The Christian Union, which he founded, now the Outlook, with Lyman Abbott and Roosevelt as editors, had a marvellous success, reaching in Beecher's day a circulation of 130,000. Slavery was the supreme question in national affairs and would not down at the bidding of politicians and compromisers, and justified Lincoln's prophecy that the country could not continue half slave and half free, but must become all one or all the other. Beecher and Calhoun were alike agreed in this. From '47 to '61 the nation was steadily rising from red heat to white heat until it became molten in the fiery furnace of war. Volcanoes were heaving underneath the nation. Charles Summer was struck down in the Senate chamber by Brooks of South Carolina. A blaze of hot indignation swept the North. A great mass meeting of protest was called in the Old Broadway Tabernacle. It was in charge of conservatives and Mr. Beecher was not invited to speak, but he had come to the meeting to listen to the speeches. As the meeting was about to close some one recognized Beecher standing behind a pillar and set up the cry, "Beecher, Beecher," which was taken up by the audience. He was half led and half forced to the platform from which Wm. M. Evarts and other conservatives precipitately retired. The audience was in an uproar of enthusiasm which the orator silenced with a wave of the hand. For an hour he delivered one of the speeches of his life, while every eye glistened and every bosom heaved. Such applause was never given before. The orator had the scene in the Senate chamber before his eye, the culminating outrage in a series of horrors. He felt it, and foresaw the end. He made that audience feel what he felt and see what he saw, and when he closed he glowed like a furnace, and the people cheered with throats choking and eyes full of tears Such scenes occur once in some lives; they were often repeated in the life of Henry Ward Beecher. The next day the papers reported in full the speech of the one whom the leaders had not invited to speak, and gave the others what they could find space for.

The Douglas device of Squatter Sovereignty was invented and the air became at once electric. Kansas was flung open

to border ruffians and the North was sending out emigration colonies armed with Sharpe's rifles. Collections for this purpose were taken in the churches. On one of these occasions Beecher, in a famous epigrammatic utterance, declared that a Sharpe's Rifle was better than a Bible to convert a border ruffian—an epigram that ran through the country and earned for the rifle the name of "Beecher's Bible." Excitement ran high. Toombs of Georgia declared that he would call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill. The novel, Uncle Tom's Cabin, written by Beecher's sister, and circulated and read beyond any book up to that time ever published in this country, filled every household with tears and horror, intensifying the sentiment against slavery more than the press or the pulpit or the mobbing of abolitionists.

Such an epoch was prolific in orators and oratory. One October afternoon Wendell Phillips looked out of his office window and saw Wm. Lloyd Garrison led by a rope in a mob who could scarcely be restrained from murdering him. Phillips belonged to the silk-stocking aristocracy of Boston, but within him was also a regnant manhood which no entrenched wrongs and no cowardly compromises with injustice could intimidate or bluff. Along with Beecher and others of those heroic anti-slavery days Phillips carried in his soul a flaming passion for human justice and the dignity of man which had streamed out from the Infinite and Eternal. Every tinkling drop of blood in him was outraged at this cowardly attempt to silence free press and free speech in Boston in the interests of human slavery and a truckling, inhuman time-serving commercialism. Then and there he saw the vision splendid and in it every other dream and ambition of his life perished. In that holy hour of consecration he vowed to deny himself every comfort and all ease and follow wholly where the voice divine summoned him. The murder of Lovejoy and Phillips, Faneuil Hall speech which burned itself into the hearts of his fellowmen thrust him into the foremost rank of the world's orators and patriots. His matchless eloquence carried by storm tumultuous multitudes and when Boston ostracised him and smeared him with rotten eggs Beecher opened his church to Phillips. But among all those heroic men and orators in those exciting days Beecher was easily the first, he was one of the mightiest agencies raised up by Providence to bring about that upheaval of public sentiment which forever swept away the fungoid growth of slavery that was eating at the very vitals of the Republic.

One of the most dramatic scenes of his life occurred at this period. John Brown had been hung at Harper's Ferry. A vast audience had assembled in the Old Broadway Tabernacle, packing it from floor to ceiling. The chains with which Brown had been bound in prison were brought into the meeting and lay upon the table on the platform. The orator kindled as he spoke; the chains before him became the symbol of the chains that bound the wrists of 3,000,000 slaves, and in an outburst of passion he seized the chains, cast them upon the floor, and ground them beneath his heel, as though he would then and there grind te whole slave power to dust and ashes beneath his feet. The effect was indescribable. The whole audience cheered till the very rafters of the old building rang.

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**The one thing man never questions is his right to judge the world in which he lives.**

## DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: A STATESMAN WHO IS ADDING HEART TO POLITICS.

### A Sunday Evening Address by Herbert Atchinson Jump in the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

On my library table there are two books I have been reading lately. One is a sad book, perhaps the saddest I ever looked into. Its title is "Misery." Its chapter headings are like these: "Out of Health," "Out of Work." But there is a little Welchman in England who, if he has his way, will put that book out of circulation. He will do this because he will put the fact of human misery out of existence.

The title of the other book on my library table is "The New Democracy." Its doctrine is that the age has arrived when the people are to rule in fact as well as in name. Government is to be for the good of the many, no longer for the privilege and profit of the few. Again there is a little Welchman in England who, if he has his way, will put this second book into practice. He will so completely make of Great Britain a democracy that no one will care how long the forms and titles of monarchy continue their empty existence.

That little Welchman in England who would destroy misery and enthrone democracy is David Lloyd George, the most popular figure in politics today in any land in all the world. He is Chancellor of Exchequer in the Cabinet of the Liberal party. He is the poor man who has won his way up from the obscurity of a cobbler's cottage to the most influential place of leadership in the English empire. The enthusiasm that pursues him is not unlike that which pursued Abraham Lincoln. Breaking moss-grown traditions whenever he wants to, violating all Tory conventionalities when they stand in the way of progress, zealous only for the thing that will do good and that will help the common man, an orator of fire and rapier-like keenness, a deft manipulator of human nature, a far-sighted prophet with a passion for humanity—this is Lloyd George. And some wits are asking whether the real King George of England is not David Lloyd George of Wales.

### A Meteoric Career.

The story of this Welchman is like the story of Joseph in the Old Testament. It shows a man raised to station of premier power by a series of dramatic changes little short of miraculous. There is a Welch legend telling of a magic cauldron which would not boil soup except for brave men. David Lloyd George must have drunk of that cauldron. We first see him amid the hills of Wales, burdened by poverty, unconsciously imbibing sympathy with the "under dog," growing up with little schooling, but first-hand contact with real life. A shoemaker uncle saves his scanty earnings and buys books for young David so that he can study law by himself. Next we see him when he was admitted to the bar and when he did not have the $15 necessary to buy his barrister's robe. Once started in the law, however, his success was immediate. He had genius, insight, eloquence, contagion, rare penetration. He won notable cases. He became a leader of public opinion. He was the conspicuous Welch patriot. Next we see him elected to the House of Commons He sat there quietly for a few years learning the game. Then he began to forge ahead. He was the defender of the oppressed Welchman. He advocated the cause of the Boers at the time of the Boer war. He stood manfully for free trade. By this time he was a national figure. Next he became president of the Board of Trade. And when in this office he averted huge industrial conflicts between capital and labor. He made himself a champion of the toiler; he instituted far-reaching policies of reform; England generally realized that if a task was turned over to this fiery Welchman, it was done. Somehow none seemed able to conquer him, and an ever-increasing multitude looked toward him as a Moses who should deliver them from their bondage. He was now the People's Protector. The admirer of Cromwell was doing the same work which that hero of God had done before him.

And so when the Liberal party came into power most gloriously in '06, we see Lloyd George made Chancellor

of the Exchequer. In this station he has not only devised ways and means for running the finances of gov ernment, but he has reached out and touched the whole life of the people, at every point making the nation feel that government was for the people, even if in a monarchy it was not technically of the people or by the people. The six years since he became Chancellor of the Exchequer have been years of continual excitement. A nation has woke up each morning wondering where Lloyd George would break out next, All the new-fangled social experiments suggested by New Zealand and Australia, by Germany and by the single taxers of America, this indefatigable agitator seemed to have studied; and from an amazingly comprehensive knowledge of what the whole world was doing in lines of successful social reform he has bombarded John Bull with volley after volley of innovations. His measures often were so wildly new that at first publication they excited only laughter, but at the same time they were so sane and rational that a few months later the entire country was willing to adopt them.

**An Idealized Democrat.**

His strength of course came from the loyalty of the common people. They have hailed him as emancipator and have forged the thunderbolts which he wielded. He has ever attacked special privilege. He has ever demanded opportunity for the oppressed and enslaved. His platform has been: "The Empire depends for its strength upon the efficiency of its people." His patriotism has been of the sort that has dared to say "The stain on the national flag is just as deep if that flag floats over slum-bred children and ill-paid, ill-housed men and women as if it were to droop in defeat upon the field of battle." Small wonder then if the common people hear him gladly. Small wonder if they laugh merrily when he forgets an invitation to dinner with the king, being too engrossed perchance in the attempt to solve some social injustice. Small wonder if they tell with deep solicitation of the day when he was appointed a member of the cabinet after a meteoric career seldom paralleled in modern history. As he left the House of Commons he walked with an old friend, a man still as poor and unknown as once he had been. Nothing of the aristocrat or the toady about Lloyd George. And as they talked of his latest triumph, he remarked: "In all my career I never remember a hand stretched out to me from above and a voice saying 'Come up higher, climb thou up here.' But," he added, "there have been thousands of hands which have pushed me up from below." Thus spoke the true prophet of the masses, the grateful protector of the people.

Born of the common folk, Lloyd George is pre-eminently fitted to plead their cause at court. And he has done so with such eloquence that politics in England have more heart in them today than at any period of the kingdom. By "heart" we mean humanity, sympathy, tenderness, if you please, spirituality. State policies in Great Britain at the present time revolve round the needs of human souls. This is somewhat of a novelty in political history. Politics usually cares supremely for votes or dollars or honors; it is selfishness organized into a social institution.

**Pol tics and Humanity.**

Bluecher, the famous Prussian field marshal, once climbed St. Paul's Cathedral tower in London and as he looked down upon the metropolis he commented, "What a city to loot." Many a politician has gazed upon his city with the same murderous desire. Lloyd George, with not a little of the spirit of the Saint of his name who fought dragons in the mythical age of English history, seems to have said as he gazed upon the suffering, smothered millions of London, "What a city to save!" And he set himself to the mighty task. He has made statistics throb with life. He has drawn up tables of figures that have been warm as though they were breathing. He has gone out before his fellow countrymen to plead for their votes, and as he spoke you wondered if it was not one of the Old Testament prophets rising in wrath against the tyrannies that afflicted the race, or a New Testament apostle going forth jubilantly with a gospel of the new and transforming kingdom. As the great measures framed by his genius have been discussed by the British people, as they have learned about workingmen's compensation, about model town planning, about the death rate of infants, about the campaign against tuberculosis, about the advantages of government-owned telephone and telegraph and express, about co-operative enterprises among farmers, about the "back-to-the-land" movement, about old age pensions, about workingmen's insurance, about taxation based upon ability to pay, the populace have had in effect a course of education in practical political economy and sociology, as well as stimulus to humanitarianism and philanthropic effort. There is a proverb often quoted in the British Parliament that the "Irish member doesn't know what he wants, but he won't be happy until he gets it." Lloyd George has known what he wanted, he has made the people want the same thing, and so both he and they are in the process of getting most if not all of their desires. Statecraft has become human beneath the Union Jack. Prime ministers are asking questions they never asked before concerning the soul of man, and the conditions under which that soul is saved or damned. And Lloyd George is the force that has brought this to pass.

Up to date the three outstanding achievements of Lloyd George have been the Budget of '09, the Old Age Pensions Act and the National Health and Insurance Act. By these titles is symbolized a social revolution which will probably require at least a half century to bring about in our own land. And the three qualities which have been brought into the operation of government by the passage of these three acts are justice, gratitude and hope, all qualities of the heart. Let us consider them in turn.

**The Budget.**

The Budget of '09 was a comprehensive scheme of national finance aiming to put the burden of taxation where it could most easily and fairly be borne. It was an attempt to apply justice to the raising of revenue. It made the rich man pay relatively more, the poor man less. Here is land in the city becoming more valuable each year simply because the city is here—let us make the landlord give us back in the shape of taxes part of that unearned increment created by the public. Here is a colossal fortune being handed down from the man who owned it to a son who never did a stroke of work to deserve it—let us collect a slice of it for the good of the government which has furnished the protection by which the fortune has been grown. The peerage in England is so largely engaged in the running of breweries that they are popularly known as the "beerage." Here are incomes received but not earned; let us apply a tax here so as to make it earn for those who do earn their living. From the use of liquors let us glean a larger and ever larger tax, and thus if possible discourage the growth of habit. And so on down the line. Lloyd George asserted the very commonplace truth that the millionaires can far better afford to carry the heavy end of supporting the government than the abject wage-earner. The nation is like an Alpine party roped together for an ascent. And so his Budget was passed, after a struggle seldom matched for bitterness and mutual abuse. And the results are astounding. When his budget was voted, there was a deficit of $70,000,000. In the three years since that time the national expenses have gone up $125,000,000. And yet this year Lloyd George reports a surplus of $32,000,000. Surely there are lessons to be learned by us in America as to the proper place to place the burden of taxation. And if we follow Lloyd George's ideal, our progress will be in the direction of justice.

**The Old Age Pension Act.**

By the Old Age Pensions Act Lloyd George has destroyed the spectre of old age for millions upon millions of struggling toilers. A nation's industrial and commercial greatness is founded upon the faithful service of countless workers. These workers frequently never receive enough to enable them to rear a family of conspicuous size, or to guard against the ravages of sickness, and also to lay something by for a rainy day. Hence old age and resulting loss of income have all the terrors of countless wild beasts. And unless the man or woman was willing in his dire need to accept a dole as a pauper from the Poor Fund, he had naught but hunger and death for a prospect.

But now this is changed. Not a pauper's dole but a pen-

sion of reward and appreciation is what England gives to her worthy aged. She has put gratitude onto her statute books. Three-quarters of a million of old people 70 years of age and over receive $1.20 per week. This comes to them of course only in case their lives have been industrious and contributory to the public welfare. But when these conditions have been fulfilled, why should not the state protect the worthy individual from those encroachments of bodily weakness against which there is no defense? If the last enemy is death, the next to the last enemy is old age crushed and deadened by unescapable poverty. At any rate, the workings of the Pension Act are giving comfort with self-respect where the combination was not possible before. "We are engaged in a crusade against poverty," says the Liberal party." Thank God for the man who is helping a people to help its poor. The poor were the audience to whom Christ preached his gospel. They were humble ones who accepted his gospel. "Have you ever noticed," asked Geo. Macdonald, "that the Bible has nothing to say about the vices of the poor?" It is as though the Holy Spirit knew they were to be pitied rather than blamed. But always the poor have been forgotten oppressed, contemned by the powers that be. And now the age dawns when the political policies of a great people take official and merciful cognizance of the poor by statutory enactments.

**The Public Health and Insurance.**

The third reform is the Public Health and Insurance Act, an expression in law of that spirit of hope by which alone humanity can prosper. This law has been called "The greatest effort of constructive statesmanship ever made to remedy the evils and alleviate the miseries caused by sickness and unemployment." It provides for money to be paid to those worthy toilers who are sick and out of work, but even more significant: it provides for the gradual elimination of all those causes that tend to produce sickness and unemployment. Hence its name is positive before it is negative: "Public Health" as well as "Insurance" act.

This act works as follows: 14,000,000 employees receiving under $800 per year are to be united into a great mutual aid brotherhood. They will pay 8 cents a week into a general fund, which fund will be augmented by 6 cents from the employer and 4 cents from the government. From this 18 cents per week for each toiler there will be paid to every toiler in case of sickness a benefit of $2.50 a week besides free medical attendance; or if the incapacity is permanent, a weekly benefit of $1.25 per week. Moreover there will be a maternity benefit for mothers of $7.20.

But this is not the whole story. From this general fund is to be taken $7,000,000 per year to fight tuberculosis. Government sanitariums are to be founded for the afflicted and a campaign of eradication pushed. The slum is also to be attacked. When the health inspectors notice that a larger number than normal of sick benefits are being claimed from any particular district in the city, they are authorized to investigate, and if they find atrocious slum-conditions they are to charge off against the- land lord of those tenements sufficient additional taxes to compensate the government for the sick benefits it has to pay on account of the unhygienic property. Moral suasion has seldom been powerful enough to touch the landlord's heart. Lloyd George is canny. He surmises that taxes can, And is he not right?

This monumental measure also offers insurance against unemployment to those who are worthy of it. Here also 5 cents is given by the workman, 5 cents by the employer, and 3 1-3 cents by the government, the total being available for the relief of those who are willing to work but who cannot find work. All the provisions of the bill make the workman do for himself in order to be a candidate to receive help from others. "I don't believe in a parasite democracy," says Lloyd George. So he has effectually guarded his program from perversion in this direction.

He has justified a new name for the Liberal Party. It is now being called the "Condition-of-the-people Party." Nor does this hero in homespun ask any higher honor than to be regarded always as the friend and protector of the people. Lately he and a friend were coming out of Westminster Abbey where there had been a wonderful funeral for a member of the nobility. "Wasn't it sublime?" was the comment. "And when you die," Lloyd George's friend added, half humorously, "we shall give you a funeral like this." "No, you won't!" interposed Lloyd George; "when I die you will lay me away quietly in the shadow of the tall mountains." We are far from the scene of this reformer's labors, from the Wales where he was born, the London which he is saving. But we, too, have a social problem, and for the solution of it we need men born amid mountains, and having a mountain quality, strength, patience, steadfastness, vision, aspiration.

## CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY APPROPRIATIONS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Congregational Church Building Society gave aid in 1912 for the building of fourteen houses of worship in California.

Northern California, a total of $20,575, distributed as follows: Cotati, $800; Fresno, Pilgrim, Armenian, $2,000; Fresno, Third German, $1,000;; Niles, $3.000; Oakland, Fruitvale, $3,500; Oakland, Market Street, $5,000; Palo Alto, $2,500; San Francisco, Richmond, $2,500; San Rafael $275.

Southern California was given $14,500 as follows: Chula Vista, $1,500; Los Angeles, Eagle Rock, $2,000; Pasadena, Lake Avenue, $2,500; San Diego, Logan Heights, $3,500; Whittier, Plymouth, $5,000.

To Washington was given $16,350; Bingen, $800; Cheney, $5,000; Irondale, $2,000; Lamont, $500; Lyle, $800; Seattle, Beacon Hill, $3,000; Stevenson, $1,500; Tacoma, Elims Free, $1,750; Tacoma, Pilgrim, $500; Westbranch, $500.

Oregon received $2,500. The Atkinson Memorial of Portland, $2,300 and St. Peters of Mink, $200.

In Idaho the Lewiston Orchards Church at Lewiston received $1,000; the Plummer Church, $1,300; Landing, $250.

For parsonage building the Third German of Fresno received $500.

The Church at Freewater, Oregon, $500.

In Washington two churches were aided in building parsonages—Rosedale and Stevenson, $400 and $800 respectively.

In Idaho aid for parsonage building was extended as follows: Priest River, $600; Kellogg, $300; Lewiston Orchards, $500.

## VARIOUS CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS GENEROUSLY REMEMBERED.

In the will of the late Edward C. Coleman, which was filed for probate last week, there were bequests as follows:

California Home Missionary Society, $75,000.

Congregational Ministerial Relief Society of California $25,000; Congregational Church Extension Society, $10,000; Pacific Theological Seminary $150,000.

Other bequests were:

Mills College, $25,000; Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco, $25,000; Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses of San Francisco, $40,000; Masonic Home of California, $25,000; Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland, $10,000; Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of San Francisco, $10,000; Old Peoples' Home of San Francisco, $10,000; Young Women's Christian Association of San Francisco, $10,00; Young Woman's Christian Association of Oakland, $5,000; San Francisco Nursery for Homeless

Children, $5,000; San Francisco Protestant Orphan Asylum, $5,000; Woman's Christian Temperance Union $5,000; Ladies' Relief Society of Grass Valley, an annuity of $200 a year for twenty-five years; First Congregational Church of Grass Valley, $40 a month for twenty years, and $25 a month for an additional ten years.

Amounts varying from $5,000 to $75,000 were given to relatives, and $775,000 to one nephew, William Wright Coleman. Annuities of $750 for life were given to two employees.

The estate amounted to three million dollars.

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### THE REV. HERBERT A. JUMP RESIGNS.

Last Sunday morning the Rev. Herbert A. Jump, who came from New Britain, Connecticut, in December 1911, to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, presented his resignation to the Oakland Church. The resignation read as follows:

"It is now about sixteen months since I undertook the pastorate of this church. When I came, I foresaw the magnitude of the task laid upon me.

The unique place occupied in your affections by my predecessor, the consequences of the year of interregnum following his departure, the changed economic conditions surrounding our down-town work, the steady emigration of our former constituency into other parts of the city, the inadequacy of the equipment in our present church edifice for social and educational work, the splendid and to-be-desired rise of other Congregational churches into position where they can compete with us both in membership and in social service—these and other facts proved how heavy would be the burden I should have to carry.

"That burden I took up bravely; but it has now become so taxing, and the problems instead of diminishing are so clearly multiplying that I have no right any longer to carry the load, accordingly I herewith tender my resignation as pastor of this church, the same to take effect August 1, 1913, at the conclusion of my summer vacation.

"May you have swift success in finding my successor. May he lead you into paths of large and fruitful service. And may our common Lord bless both him and you, and guide your steps together all along the way of the years."

Being asked the next day if he had any further statement to make concerning his resignation which had come as a great surprise to all except a few, Mr. Jump said:

"No, I fancy the letter of resignation states all the essential facts. There has been absolutely no friction or controversy between the church officials and myself, and so far as I know I leave with the good-will of all the congregation attending me. The gist of the matter is that at the end of sixteen months my pastorate, in the opinion of the older officials of the church, does not compare favorably enough with Dr. Brown's pastorate at the end of fourteen years so that they wish to continue the experiment any longer. The financial income is not as large nor the congregations as big as they think ought to be the case. Under the changed conditions surrounding the work of the only down-town church in Oakland I feel that the results are quite as successful as I had a right to expect in this short time. But the older officials of the church entertain a different and more unfavorable view, and so I shall gladly relinquish my task to some one who in their opinion is better able to carry the load." As to his plans for the future, he said that they were quite unformed and uncertain.

The outcome of these sixteen months of earnest, able work on the part of Mr. Jump will be met with widespread regret. He has endeared himself to a large number of people both within and without the church, and was apparently, laying good foundation for a serviceable career in Oakland and on the Pacific Coast. Not a few people are of opinion that the church in expecting the attendance and contributions to keep up as they did in Mr. Brown's pastorate were expecting the impossible. It is said that conditions had changed, and that not more than one or two men in the denomination, and they unavailable, could have stepped in and carried the church along on that level —and that even with them it would have been problematical.

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### NINETY-THIRD BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED.

On the 22d of this month the Rev. Joseph Rowell reached his ninety-third anniversary, and on Monday of this week it was celebrated by the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity at a luncheon given in his honor in the North Berkeley Congregational Church.

The Rev. Dr. Tenney, the Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Board, presided. About fifty persons, many of whom had known Mr. Rowell for many years, were in attendance. Dr. Tenney told of the great esteem in which Mr. Rowell had long been held and the wide thankfulness for his fruitful ministry in San Francisco. Emphasis was laid not only on his faithfulness to the kingdom but to the Congregational fellowship.

Mr. E. P. Flint spoke of Mr. Rowell's arrival in San Francisco in 1857 and the beginning of his work here for seamen in and through which his life had girdled the world in good influences.

Dr. Pond told of his adventurous faith and of his helpfulness and wise advice in many lines of beneficent work. Tribute was paid by him to Mrs. Rowell, many years entered into the higher life, as a woman who was strong, gentle and heroic in her self-denials and in a willingness to spend and be spent for Christ.

Superintendent Wikoff spoke of his positiveness and withal his sweetness of temper—never a word that would wound.

Mr. Wikoff spoke also of Mr. Rowell as a man acquainted with God—one who not only knew God, but knew that he knew him.

Mr. Rowell, being asked to speak, told of his longing yet to be of service and said that every day he asked God to make it possible for him to do something.

In explanation of the fruits of his labors in San Francisco, leading thousands to an acceptance of Christ, he mde a strong plea for personal work and plain gospel preaching.

One special thing Father Rowell said he was hoping for—to live to see the liquor traffic destroyed; and he expressed a strong conviction that he would live to se it. Then, his prayer would be that he might be allowed to take departure to the other life.

A birthday cake with 93 candles! Think of it! But that is what was placed before Father Rowell last Monday by the ladies of the North Berkeley Congregational Church.

### A LEGEND OF THE INCARNATION.

The calendar of the First Congregational Church of Oakland for last Sunday contained the following beautifully conceived and worded legend, written by Mr. Jump, the pastor:

The Wise Ones of Heaven were gathered together in council. The All-Father had said, "We must send the Light of God down upon the earth. Men are perishing for want of that Light. But how shall we send it? In what guise shall it appear among the mortals?"

And one Angel said, "Let the Light of God descend in form as an angel, even like one of us. Then the world will be amazed and will worship." And answer was made, "True, but the world needs something more than shining mystery."

And a second Angel said, "Let the Light of God descend in form as a king. Then men will revere and obey." And answer was made, "True, but the world needs something more than power."

Then a third Angel suggested, "Let the manifestation be made in form as a saint. Thus humanity will be stirred to nobler striving." And answer was made, "True, but humanity needs something more than perfection."

Lastly a modest dusty Angel, looking a bit out of place, wearing working clothes in the council of the Wise Ones, calmly pleaded, "O Father of All, let the Light of God descend upon earth in the form of a laborer. Then the race can find comfort and take courage." And no answer was made but there was thoughtful silence through all the corridors of Heaven.

* * * One morn the wife of a peasant-toiler in Nazareth received strange news. And ere long the world was redeemed by a Carpenter-Savior.

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# Among the Churches.

### OCEAN VIEW CONGEGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

During Holy Week special services were held in the Church every evening except Saturday. Rev. Geo. Laughton, Rev. Benj Gould and Rev. Harold S. Tuttle each preached on evening and the pastor, Rev. G. A. Charnock preached on two evenings. The attendance was good and the meetings were very interesting and helpful.

On a recent Wednesday afternoon the members of the Bethany Church Ladies' Aid Society were entertained to luncheon by the Ocean View ladies. Fifty sat down to the tables. Mr. H. Plath loaned a number of very handsome palms which were much admired. After luncheon, which was held in Social Hall, the two pastors made the usual funny speeches and Mrs. Moran, president of the Bethany Society spoke a few words. She told how she came to live in Ocean View just fifty years ago and how glad she was to leave it. The ladies spent a pleasant hour on the lawn and gathered in the spacious parlor of the parsonage and enjoyed a program of songs and recitations. Everybody voted the affair a great success.

The folowing Friday evening the gymnasium classes gave a grand exhibition to a large audience. Seventy took part in the exhibition. Many clever and pleasing numbers were enjoyed and the instructors, L. J. and Mrs. Schantz were complimented on all hands.

On a recent Sunday evening Mr. Noel H. Jacks gave a fine address at the "Pleasant Sunday Evening" entitled "The man that spoiled the music." These meetings are an attempt to interest new people and 'though the meetings are not very largely attended they are reaching new people.

A Christian Endeavor Society has been organized. Meetings are held on Sunday evenings an hour before the Pleasant Sunday Evening meeting.

The young people of the Church are practicing for a Biblical Drama, "The Queen of Sheba."

On Easter Sunday the Sunday School had a service in the evening when every available seat was taken and the opinion was expressed on all sides that it was the best for many years.

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### HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

Rev. H. E. Banham of Eureka made a visit recently to San Francisco and vicinity. While absent Mr. Banham supplied the pulpit of the Church at Lodi. Mr. Banham's pulpit was supplied April 13 at the morning service by Rev. K. K. Clark of Ferndale.

Rev. R. J. Shoemaker and family expect to leave Loleta in the immediate future. Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker have done splendid work on this field and their departure will be regreted by a host of friends in their parish and in the county Mr. Shoemaker has been a zealous advocate of all temperance measures adopted throughout the county by the Good Government League.

Rev. Mr. Davis has a strong hold upon the people at Fields Landing. The Boys Club under the pastor's direction has been able to get in touch with most of the boys in the community. Congregations are large at each service. On Easter Sunday there were over two hundred at the morning service. All departments of church work manifest new activity.

Rev. K. K. Clark of Ferndale will depart with his family for Minneapolis Minn. April the 24th. Mr. Clark will return to the pastorate of a church of which he was formerly pastor. The community look upon his departure, with his own people, with deep regret. The church at a meeting held March 18, expressed their regard for Mr. Clark and his work and visiting the parsonage in a body asked him if the decision to go might not be reconsidered. Mr. Clark made the statement that the generosity and kindness of the people would never be forgotten either by himself or family. It was then stated that if in the future it was necessary for Mr. Clark to return to this State the hearts and homes of the people would be open to him. During the pastorate the church has had a substantial growth and the salary has been increased.

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**Grass Valley.**—It has been a custom, inaugurated by the pastor, Rev. Ben F. Sargent, to hold a semi-annual church meeting at which reports for the completed half year are made by the heads of the various departments of the church. Such a meeting was held Wednesday evening last and covered the semester ending April 1. . The largest increase was found to have been in the Sunday School, with an average attendance, despite the storms of winter, of 123. Twelve had been added to the church, eight being by confession. Twenty-nine had been added to the Junior Endeavor and 14 to the Intermediate Endeavor Society. The Ladies' Aid had given $155 to be used for repairs and insurance. The Kingdom Extension Society had met the ap-

portionments. Resolutions of esteem for Mr. Edward Coleman, for 50 years a member of the church, were passed. The ladies provided a supper which was beautifully served by the Endeavorers.

### NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. August Drahms has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Hilo, Hawaii, and will come to Southern California—because of illness of wife.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary will read a paper on Jeremiah.

### WASHINGTON.

#### Inland Empire Notes.

Among the interesting things at the Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho Association were the after-dinner speeches conducted in a felicitous manner by the moderator Mr. W. H. Short. A talk of special interest was given by Hon. J. P. Perkins, of Colfax. He was designated as the father of Congregationalism in the Palouse country. He was found to be more than the father of Congregationalism in the Palouse country, but almost of all the Inland Empire. The Colfax church was organized in 1877 by Dr. Cushing Eells, and Mr. Perkins and wife were among the charter members. It was the first Congregational church organized north of the Snake river and east of the Columbia. Mr. Perkins referred to the late Dr. G. H. Atkinson, as the ablest minister he had ever come in contact with, and to the late Dr. Cushing Eells, as the most devout minister he had ever known.

The meeting at Pullman brought some ancient history to the mind of the writer. Twenty seven years ago he assisted the late Rev. N. F. Cobleigh, and Rev. T. W. Walters, in organizing the church. Pullman then was a town or hamlet of about 150 people. Now it is a city of 5000 people not counting the 1500 students in the state college. I was very much impressed with the growth of the state institution as well as the spirit of it. The shapel service was conducted very much like that of a Christian college by the president, E. A. Bryan, who has been over the college for a score of years. Rev. H. C. Mason gave a splendid address to the students. I was favorably impressed by the Christian association. The Rev. C. H. Harrison, is the successful minister of our church, and he has some of the college professors as efficient helpers.

Rev. H. A. Luckenbach, has been on the Newport filled about five months and has proved himself the right man in the right place. The congregations are good; harmony prevails and the work is prospering. There were 15 united with the church recently, 12 on confession of faith.

**Cusick and Ione** are doing well under the ministry of Revs. W. C. and C. H. Veaxie, father and son. They are a splendid team and it is always a pleasure to meet and hear them. They practically cover in their ministry the whole of Pend d'Oreille county, in the northeastern corner of the state. There were 8 additions to the Cusick church recently, and 8 to the Ione church.

The Rev. Elmer E. Burtner, formerly of Missoula, Montana, has begun his services with Pilgrim Church, Spokane under favorable circumstances. He is encouraged by the outlook and the congregations have been beyond his expectations.

Superintendent Scudder visited the Cour-d'alene churches last week, Wallace, Kellog, Mullan and Burke, Idaho. Rev. G. B. Wider, is encouraged in his work at Wallace and the people enjoy his ministry. Mr. Younge is doing good work at Mullan and Burke, and so is Rev. Juddy at Kellogg.

The Chewelah church has been served acceptably the departure of Rev. H. A. Luckenbach, by Rev. H. O. White, a Baptist minister, formerly of Cheyene, Okla. They have recently cleared a debt of $633, and also assumed self-support.

S. R. Short, one of the oldest members of the Congregational church at Deer Park has made a donation of $2000 towards the erection of a new parish house and gymnasium.

## The Home.

### THE WISDOM OF FOLLY.

The cynics say that every rose
Is guarded by a thorn which grows
  To spoil our posies:
But I no pleasure therefore lack;
I keep my hands behind my back
  When smelling roses.

'Tis proved that Sodom's apple tarts
Have ashes as component parts,
  For those that steal them:
My soul no disillusion seeks,
I love my apples' rosy cheeks,
  But never peel them.

Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,
The inner half of every cloud
  Is bright and shining:
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
  To show the lining.

Our idols' feet are made of clay,
So stony-hearted critics say,
  With scornful mockings:
My images are defied
Because I keep them well supplied
  With shoes and stockings.

My modus operandi this —
To take no heed of what's amiss,
  And not a bad one:
Because, as Shakspere used to say,
A merry heart goes twice the way
  That tires a sad one.

—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

### THE ASCENDING PATH.

If you are looking for that which is best in the men and women with whom you come in contact; if you are seeking also to give them that which is best in yourself; if you are looking for friendship which shall help you to know yourself as you are and to fulfill yourself as you ought to be; if you are looking for a love which shall not be a flattering dream and a madness of desire, but a true com-

radeship and a mutual inspiration to all nobility of living—then you are surely on the ascending path.—Henry van Dyke.

### WHAT IT MEANS TO GET THE VISION.

Slowly, throughout all the universe, that temple of God is being built. Wherever, in any world, a soul, by free-willed obedience, catches the fire of God's likeness, it is set into the growing walls a living stone. When in your hard fight, in your tiresome drudgery, or in your terrible temptation you catch the purpose of your being and give yourself to God, and so give him the chance to give himself to you, your life, a living stone, is taken up and set into the growing wall. Wherever souls are being tried and ripened, in whatever commonplace and homely ways, there God is hewing out the pillars for his temple. Oh, if the stone can only have some vision of the temple of which it is to lie a part forever, what patience must fill it as it feels the blows of the hammer and knows that success for it is simply to let itself be wrought into what shape the Master wills!—Phillips Brooks.

### "A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE."

"I am a good deal troubled about your mother's tendency to dyspepsia," wrote Doctor Goodwin to his daughter Marjory. "She is growing positively thin, and I cannot seem to get at the difficulty."

When Marjory went home from college, she found that her mother ate very little, and said in self-defense that nothing seemed to agree with her. Marjory noticed other things as well, and called the family together for a consultation.

"I have found out the matter with mother," she announced, "and I think we can cure her if we stop saying disagreeable things at table."

"Why, Marjory," burst out the indignant chorus, "as if we said disagreeable things!"

"I know you don't intend to," said Marjory, "but mother bears not only our burdens, but the burdens of the entire community. Father will tell you that anxiety interferes with digestion. To-day at dinner, when he said that Mr. Smith couldn't live through the winter, and he was sure he didn't know what was going to become of Mrs. Smith and the children, mother looked troubled, and pushed back her soup-plate. When Frank said his eyes were so bad he knew he was going to fail in his examinations, mother forgot to eat her vegetables. Flossie was afraid she couldn't go to the party because she had spilled ice-cream on her dress, and Ted gave that harrowing account of his narrow escape from an automobile—and mother's dessert was not tasted."

A sheepish smile went round the circle. "What do you wish us to do?" asked Doctor Goodwin.

"Please avoid all unpleasant subjects and save your fun for the table. At the end of two weeks we will have another consultation," said Marjory.

"Agreed," said all.

Breakfast is often a trying meal, but good cheer prevailed the next morning. Doctor Goodwin thought the day lovely, and suggested that a short automobile trip would do him good if his wife would accompany him. Frank remarked that his eyes felt better, and that a fellow told him the "exams" were easy, anyway. Flossie said that every trace of ice-cream had been taken out of her dress by the new cleaner, and Ted, nestling up to his mother, confided to her that he was going to look up and down and every way before he crossed the street again. At dinner Doctor Goodwin told stories of his college days, and Marjory capped them so successfully with her experiences that Mrs. Goodwin forgot that she was eating, and dessert followed soup, meat and vegetables. At supper they grew hilarious over Ted's description of the day at school, and Frank's promotion. Mrs. Goodwin passed her plate for a second helping, and Doctor Goodwin exchanged glances with his daughter.

"How well you are looking!" remarked a neighbor to Mrs. Goodwin, as they were all grouped on the piazza one evening ten days later.

"Yes, I have had a better appetite lately, and I feel better than I have for weeks."

A shout of merriment went up from the family, and Doctor Goodwin whispered to his daughter, "We don't need another consultation. Your diagnosis was correct."—The Youth's Companion.

### DO YOU KNOW THESE?

What is that of which the common sort is the best? Sense.

Enough for one, too much for two and nothing for three; takes one to make and two to keep? A secret.

Why is a girl not a noun? Because a lass (alas) is an interjection.

Why are lazy persons' beds too short for them? Because they lie too long in them.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

When is it easy to read in the woods? When Dame Autumn turns the leaves.

Which is the largest room in the world? Room for improvement.

Why are the western prairies flat? Because the sun sets on them every evening.

Why are the laws like the ocean? Because most trouble is caused by the breakers.

Why are the stars the best astronomers? Because they have studded (studied) the heavens since creation.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter "C"? Because she forms lasses into classes.

What two words contain all the vowels and in their proper order? Facetious, abstemious.

Why is a young lady dependent upon the letter "Y"? Because without it she would be a "young lad."

What is that which works while it plays, and plays while it works? A fountain.

What two flowers should decorate a menagerie? The dandelion and the tiger lily.

Man's thought about religion grows with all that enlarges his vision of truth, with all that greatens his devotion to righteousness, with all that sweetens and enriches his affectional life. Man's experience of religion itself grows by one thing only,—the sincere and faithful striving toward the best each one sees and feels.—Anna Garlin Spencer.

# For The Children.

## WHAT THE MINUTES SAY.

We are but minutes, little things—
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track;
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes. Each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares;
Take patiently the minutes of pain;
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes. When we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while ye may;
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes. Use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

## HOW BOBBIE ACTED HIS PART.

"Oh, Goody, Goody!" cried Bobbie as he rushed noisily into the living room waving a big white envelope. "Here's an invitation to Ethel Baxter's party for next Saturday afternoon," he breathlessly explained, "and it's going to be almost like a show. They're going to dress up like people in books; and I'm really and truly invited, if I am the youngest, littlest boy in our grade, so there!"

Suddenly he paused. A solemn look came over his face. It was very hard for him to be his usual bright self when he wanted so much to be big and old. "I wish," he sighed, "that I was big, like Jim Seely! Then I'd be Uncle Tom's Cabin or Jack the Giant Killer or something else that's big, and then I'd get the prize."

"Little boys sometimes do get the prizes," suggested his mother as she softly patted his curly head. "It will all depend on the way you act the part you choose."

"I know what I'd like to be," began Bobbie, then stopped.

"What's that?" questioned big brother Sam, glancing up from his algebra.

Bobbie hesitated. "I wouldn't know what to wear to dress like him, but I could act the part, all right."

"But who is it?" urged sister Nell.

"It is——" and Bobbie tiptoed around to each member of the family and softly whispered the name.

"It's just the one for Robert!" exclaimed grandma proudly. "And I'll fix some fuzzy little white boots and mittens for him to wear."

"And I'll see if I can't rig up some kind of a long furry white coat," said mamma.

"And I'll make the cutest little cap and collar," promised sister Nell.

Big brother Sam laughed. "There's only one thing left for me to furnish, and that's the brush and pencil."

"And I'll begin to practice my part this very day," declared Bobbie, smiling happily at the others. "I've got a whole week yet to learn it in."

Such a busy week! At school illustrated story books were passed from one to another with a delightful air of mystery, for not a word could be told to anyone about what anyone else was going to be. All the boys and girls talked about the party except Robert St. John. Every minute he could spare from his lessons was spent in drawing funny pictures of birds and animals and trees and roomy old castles.

Saturday afternoon found a jolly lot of boys and girls in Mrs. Baxter's parlors, each one intent on carrying out the part he had chosen. There was a tiny Uncle Sam in regulation costume, guarding the United States flag; the Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe was busy with dolls of all kinds and shapes which she was keeping in a big pasteboard shoe; the Little Lame Prince was trying to make a flight with his wonderful traveling cloak; and a demure little Quaker miss was teaching a fierce looking Indian to spin at a real spinning wheel. There was Jack Horner with his famous Christmas pie, and Red Riding Hood, and Little Boy Blue and a great many others.

At first Bobbie was frightened. Everybody was dressed so fine and did such wonderful things that his part seemed too little even to try to give; but by and by he remembered his mother's words, "It will all depend on the way you act your part," and straightway he began to act it.

Taking a large piece of light gray canvas from his pocket, he pinned it securely to a rug. Then slipping off his furry mittens and getting down on the floor, with some white chalk he began to draw pictures. He was soon surrounded by a group of puzzled boys and girls.

"That's a camel!" cried one. "And a deer and some trees!" exclaimed another. "He's surely some kind of an artist. But who ever heard of an artist making pictures on a light canvas and with white paint?"

At a word from Mrs. Baxter, Bobbie skipped across the room to a big window, on which he quickly drew a picture of a tall tree, a big house, some smaller trees and a road. Before he had finished the picture someone cried "Jack Frost!" Then they all shouted.

'But why didn't you make the pictures on the window first?" questioned Jim Seely. "Jack Frost never makes pictures on the ground."

"Indeed he does," explained Mrs. Baxter, coming to the rescue. "The next frosty morning go out on the walk and see if you can't find funny little pictures of all sorts and sizes of animals and trees and houses made the night before by Jack Frost."

Then the children all declared that Bobbie ought to have the prize, because he acted his part so well that they had learned something new about Jack Frost.

Bobbie talked it over that night with his mother. "It really doesn't make so much difference about a boy's being little," he said, "if he only acts his part big."—Frances Bowman in The Continent.

## LITTLE BRAVO.

Years ago some Indians lived on the banks of a beautiful river. The men fished and the women planted corn in little hillocks instead of in rows. When they sat down for a friendly gossip they held their little babies in their arms or strapped upon their backs. One young mother never took her eyes from the cradle in which her handsome boy slept. When he wakened she sang to him and called him "Little

Bravo" with such love and tenderness in her voice that the other women all stopped to listen.

Years passed merrily until Little Bravo was ten years old. He could hunt and fish, and his mother was happy dreaming of the time when he should be a man. All her spare moments were spent in embroidering clothes for Little Bravo and his father, with the result that they outshone all others of their tribe. Little Bravo always wore moccasins of yellow buckskin trimmed with beads and porcupine quills. He was a noble, warm-hearted and sunny-tempered lad.

One summer night, the heat hung heavy over the land.

"There will be a storm," said the father. "Where is Little Bravo?"

"Down on the river bank asleep," replied the mother. "I sat by him a long time brushing away the insects that bothered him. He had taken off his moccasins and his feet were bare. He is very beautiful, our Little Bravo. When the storm comes I will carry him in without awakening him."

The storm soon broke with great violence. The mother hastened to the river As she was about to lift her boy a vivid flash of lightning revealed the two hands of the Spirit that lived in the water. They reached up and drew Little Bravo into the waves. All the mother saw was the print of his body on the shore and his two yellow moccasins. A scream brought the father to the spot. They both dived into the water, though the storm raged. What cared they for that? Their Little Bravo had disappeared beneath the surface. Finally, in broken-hearted accents, they pleaded: "Oh, Spirit of the River! Give him back to us!"

By and by the father arose, and looking into the sky said: "It is the will of the Great Spirit. He has taken him away but will save him for us." Turning, he disappeared into the forest. The mother sat by the river for many days, without food or sleep, kissing and caressing the little yellow moccasins.

One night, raising her eyes to the sky, she beheld the pathway made of star-dust that leads to spirit-land. Longing to follow it, she felt the pressure of a small hand upon her shoulder. Turning, she met the smiling gaze of her son.

"Oh, Great Spirit, I thank thee! The dead is alive!"

"Come, mother," said the boy. "We are to follow yonder path to-night. I have come for thee, because thy weeping grieves the happy ones."

The mother placed her hand in the small clasp and she said:

"Here are thy moccasins. Thou wilt need them. The way is rough."

The boy laughed, and held up his foot, upon which flashed, and gleamed moccasins of shining gold. "Lay down my old moccasins," he said, "and thou shalt see how a mother's love shall be remembered."

She placed the little yellow moccasins on the ground, and about them green leaves unfolded. The leaves grew rapidly into a flower-stalk, and on the highest spray the moccasins were fastened. They shrank in size and changed into flowers, keeping their first shape and color.

The Little Bravo spoke:

"See, Mother," he said, "these flowers shall bloom on forever by this shining river. Long after the red man shall have gone, they shall bloom."

Wondering but happy, the mother followed Little Bravo along the star-strewn path to spirit-land. Not many moons later the father joined them out of the mists of battle.

All this was long ago. The Indians have left the banks of the river, but the yellow flowers bloom by its waters. White children gather them and call them "orchids," or "lady's slippers," but the Indians always give them their real name of "Indian moccasins."

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**MOTHER'S ALMANAC.**

I tell you when it comes to dates,
My mother's just the boss!
She tells me all I want to know
'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think she'd get mixed up sometimes;
At school I know I do—
'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock,
And 1492.

But mother says: "The war with Spain
Was fought in '98.
The year you all had chicken pox,
Exceptin' Sister Kate.

"The Boer war in Africa—
That was a dreadful thing—
Began in '99, I know,
For Jack was born that spring.

"In '98, the Spanish ships
Were sunk in Cuba channels,
'Twas summer, for you children had
Just changed your winter flannels.

"In 1904, my dear,
The Russians fought the Japs,
That year was very cold, and you
Had chilblains and the chaps."

There's six of us, and we're mixed up
With hist'ry just that way.
Sometimes it's measles croup or mumps,
But there's no date that ever stumps
My mother, night or day."

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Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose or ennobled thereby.—George MacDonald.

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You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring; but you will go forth, and what will you find? Sorrow without duty,—bitter herbs and no bread with them.—George Eliot.

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Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—Phillips Brooks.

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The fellow who is always forgetting himself has no right to kick when he is forgotten.

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Forgive our little faith and the weakness of our endeavor!

## "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

The Lord's prayer is a central element in the Christian life. Prepared by Christ himself as a model for his disciples, it has come to be the daily prayer of innumerable followers—with the inevitable result that while every word is reverentially pronounced, the meaning is often dulled to practical extinction. One of the clauses that suffers most in this way is the one concerning daily bread. Except in the case of those who do not know where their daily bread is coming from, the petition has grown to be so perfunctory that it might just as well be left out, for al the effect it has. Yet it is inconceivable that Christ should give his people a prayer of which any part could ever become perfunctory, either for millionaire or day laborer.

The truth is that those brief words, "Give us this day our daily bread," apply to every man who repeats them, and with a two edged application. If they mean anything, they mean that daily bread comes from God and is acknowledged to do so. To pray the Lord's prayer every day is to hold up steadfastly before our mental eyes the standard that Christ thus set of what we should desire and ask for with regard to our livelihood and possessions. Daily bread not of God's giving is not to be desired—that is what "Give us this day our daily bread" implies logically and inevitably.

It has been said that today the church's problem is not so much Christian getting. It is not so important that a church member should spend his millions for charity, as that he should get those same millions in a Christian way. The whole question of money-making and economics is pressing for a Christian solution. But where the Lord's prayer is translated into daily living, the question is solved for the man who prays. He who desires only the bread blessed by God, given in accordance with divine law, will not struggle to gain unblessed bread, won by tricks from tricky adversaries, or taken by superior knowledge and power from the share of others. The astounding distinction made by many Christians between their business and their religion is a flat defiance of this prayer prepared for all Christians by their Master. "Give us this day our daily bread" means only bread won by honest dealing, and in accordance with the golden rule.

The second edge of the application only strengthens the first. When those whose daily bread is secure repeat the prayer, the words "us" and "our" remind them, if they are sincere, that they are praying not alone for themselves, but for and with all others, rich and poor alike, the strong and the helpless. Socialism itself can find no finer emphasis of human unity than Christ thus urges on his people in the prayer he has given them. No man whose luxuries rest on injustice can use the Lord's prayer honestly. No man or woman who does not know where his or her bread comes from, who is not certain that it is righteously and fairly obtained, can be a thoroughly Christian. Christianity is on trial today in this particular—and ought to be until it has cleared itself. The strong are responsible for the bread of the weak, the rich must see that the poor are fed, not by charity but by justice in the matter of bread-winning.

It is not necessary to change Christianity to meet modern social needs; what is necessary is to face and enforce its principles. When the Lord's prayer is truly offered by all Christians there wil be no tainted money on the one hand, or submerged tenths on the other, as far as the life of the individual Christian and the united powers of the church go. When every Christian prays daily and honestly "Give us this day our daily bread," the reproach of unscrupulous wealth and helpless poverty will be wiped out of our civilization.

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Mrs. Hennepeckke—"Well, I guess I have as much chance of getting to heaven as you have."

Mr. Hennepeckke—"Not if I get there first."—Philadelphia Record.

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"That man is not a very good logician, but he is a most impressive talker."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "He is what the musicians refer to as a performer with more temperament than technique."—Washington Star.

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A man thinks he is as old as he looks and a woman thinks she is as young as she thinks she looks.


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